

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1896.-32 PAGES.

# PUT THROUGH THE POLICE MILL AS A FEMALE CRIMINAL.

## What Women Known to Be Crooks Have to Endure When Arrested for a Second Offense.

There is a very strong probability that the Bertillon system of measurements for the identification of criminals will be put in practice in this city during the present year. On Wednesday of last week the Board of Police Commissioners sent a representative to investigate the practicability of the French methods of measuring criminals in New York, and that representative reported very favorably upon the subject.

The Board is about evenly divided as to the new system, some of the members holding that the present method is entirely efficacious, and cite as proof the numerous successful identifications that have been made within past years.

On Tuesday I went through the regular routine which a female criminal is at present subjected to at Police Headquarters. If she is arrested after once serving a term in State Prison, I was searched, weighed, measured and questioned minutely by a force detective sergeant at Police Headquarters. My body was examined for scars or birth marks. The color of my eyes and hair was determined; the length of my nose was satisfactorily ascertained, and I was finally led off and photographed for the Rogues' Gallery, where my photograph would now be placed had I really been a criminal, instead of an innocent reporter. My number would have been 3,152.

It was not my first offense. Otherwise I should not have been put through this most unpleasant experience. Only those who are convicted for the second time are hung on the line in the Mulberry street art gallery.

I was supposed to have been arrested for shoplifting in one of the big uptown stores. Detective Sergeant Jones and Chapman were the men who took me in, and by the time I had been put through the paces at Police Headquarters I felt as though the dark cell was too good for me. I actually felt like a criminal, and understood how criminality breeds crime from the feeling which it engenders.

Acting Captain O'Brien warned me before I began of the unpleasant features of my task. He told me that I would have to pass through several rooms in the custody of a deputy Sheriff, and that the people in these rooms would not know me except as a criminal. Also that my photograph taken under the circumstances might be used against me in the future, and that, coupled with the description printed on its back, I could not possibly prove my innocence.

He gave me into the custody of Detective Sergeant Sheridan, a young man who will be able to identify me at any time in the future should I go into the green goods or gold brick business. He searched me for concealed weapons. It is very easy to search a woman—she has so few pockets. I had only one, a chafinette pocket, which hung by my side, and in that he found the following articles: For I had not counted on being searched: Two handkerchiefs, two lead pencils, a pen knife, a watch, a bonbon box filled with Italian peppermints, a silver vinaigrette, a small Chinese idol, supposed to be lucky; a heart locket, a fountain pen, two Turkish bath tickets, a powder puff in a small case, and a newspaper clipping on "How to lead a double life on nine dollars a week."

"Of course we confiscate these," he said,

and he put them up on a shelf beside a sandbag and a burglar's jimmy.

Then he grasped me firmly by the arm and took me before the desk which is just outside the inner entrance to Acting Captain O'Brien's office. This desk stands over

at one side of the room, and was in a raised enclosure. Detective Sergeant Killilea sat at the right-hand side writing in a big book.

He looked at me very closely. Then he opened another book and turned to a certain page, where there were unfilled printed blanks. All this time three men who stood near the desk were eyeing me pityingly. This cheered me somewhat, for I felt that they thought I wasn't so very bad after all.

"Name?" asked Detective Killilea.

"Kitty Clyde," I whispered faintly.

"Alias?"

"None," said I, somewhat louder, for I felt that this was in my favor.

"Crime?"

"Shoplifter," answered the detective-sergeant, shortly, just as I was trying to think of a nice, refined crime to give.

"Residence?"

"Seven-forty-two East Twenty-second street," I answered, quickly, for I knew this was in the East River.

"Age?"

"Twenty-two," said I, and they all looked at me as though they thought I were older.

"Color?" He just looked up. I suppose he saw at a glance I was white. I was pale.

thorough search, conducted by the matron upstairs. She treated me very kindly and considerately, although she thought I was a real criminal.

When I went below I was taken in hand by the detective again.

"I'll take her downstairs," he said, and took me by the arm and led me through a door and down a curving staircase. At the foot of it there was a bit of wall completely papered over with printed signs and photographs headed "Wanted" in big type.

One was for "Albert Solinger, forger," and one offered a reward of \$250 for the capture and delivery of the person of Thomas Noonan, alias Thomas Noonan.

We entered a room where there was a stove, around which a number of not particularly lynx-eyed detectives sat reading. They all looked up as we en-

## Photographed for the Rogues' Gallery, Searched and Locked in a Cell at Headquarters.

tered, and not one of them took off his hat. There was a scales with a measuring attachment in one corner of the room, and I stepped on this at the request of my keeper.

"Take off your hat," he said.

I did so, and then he moved the measur-

ing scale up until it rested on my head. "Now stand straight," said he. Then I saw him marked down on a bit of paper: "5 feet 5 1/2." Then he fixed the scales to weigh me, and wrote "147 pounds." Upstairs once more and I was taken into the presence of Captain O'Brien, who refused to recognize me as a reporter, but who looked at me sternly when he had signed this order for my photograph:

No. 3,152  
New York, January 14, 1896.  
Furnish photograph of Kitty Clyde,  
Shoplifter.  
Arrested  
Jones and Chapman, D. B.  
STEPHEN O'BRIEN, Captain.

"Get two good photographs of the prisoner," he said. "If she resists, get assistance."

I wondered who and where the photographer was. I imagined him as a pale old man, who tried to conceal his identity like the hansom and headmen of old. I supposed he was connected with Police Headquarters, and probably slept in the gallery and rarely went out of doors. But I found him to be a fashionable Broadway photographer, one of the finest painters of miniatures in the city. He was a handsomely furnished parlor he paints and takes orders for miniatures on ivory of the fashionable men and women of society. He paints sweet child faces on porcelain in the faintest possible manner the work so fine that one must look at it through a magnifying glass to discover its beauties. Upstairs he does a thriving trade in taking the pictures of rogues, some of whom struggle and fight and even throw things at him in their endeavors to elude the camera.

For this he has a specially contrived camera, with a rolling shutter slide. It is impossible for the sitter to tell just when he takes the photograph; in fact, there is a click as though all were over, at which one would instinctively look up, and it is then that he snaps the picture.

Sometimes the man might so that policemen have to hold them. In the Rogues' Gallery, which I saw afterward, there are many photos of this sort. But the average criminal does not mind it. Around the room there are work tables at which young men sit mounting the pictures for the gallery. On the back of each is the pedigree of the person it represents as taken at Police Headquarters. I had several photos taken. One quietly submitting to the process, one with eyes closed, trying to elude identification, and one struggling with my captors. It was all over in a few minutes and I was taken back to Police Headquarters.

The detective showed me the gallery where my picture would have been placed had I been an actual shoplifter. I did not like any of the faces. I would not care to meet any of the men alone on a dark night, nor the women, either, for that matter. There were about four black and white spaces marked "Removed," and the detective said that death or reformation was rewarded in that way. But a place in the Rogues' Gallery is much like a position in a bank. Few die and none reform.

Then, as an additional pleasure, the detective took me downstairs to a cell in a cell for a moment. This was a detention on his part, for women prisoners are not locked up at Police Headquarters. He opened nine or ten doors, which didn't clank as they do on the stage in prison scenes, and then I was startled to see a man peering out through one of the grated doors. It was "Big" McCoy, who is suspected of being concerned in the Brennan robbery, and he watched us with interest. The detective opened a door and I stepped in. It was quite dark and damp and unpleasant. He shut the door upon me and asked me what I would like for supper. Then he walked off and left me there looking across at Mr. McCoy, who smiled in a friendly way.

But I was soon released, and as I walked down Mulberry street, I felt glad that I was alive. I fancied a policeman on the corner looked at me suspiciously as I turned toward Broadway. But after bracing up on a sarsaparilla and ammonia I felt better. But I shouldn't like to be a real criminal—not a little bit.

KITTY CLYDE.



"They stood in a line and looked me over from head to foot in a suspicious way."

(Sketches from life by a Journal staff artist.)

"Where born?"

"New York."

"City?" said he, looking up as though he suspected that I had been born in Jersey City.

"Yes."

"Occupation?"

"None," I answered, and I tried to look it.

"Read?"

"Certainly."

"Write?"

"Of course."

"Answer 'yes' or 'no' to all questions," said Detective-Sergeant Sheridan, giving my arm a shove. I looked indignantly at him, but he only winked slightly at me.

"Married?"

"No."

"Build?"

I was just going to say "tall and willowy" when the detective-sergeant looked me over and said:

"Medium."

I wanted to know then and still would like to know what this means. Does it mean in a medium state of preservation, or a medium stage of growth, or what?

"Hair?"

The detective took some of the hair over my ear and turned me round to the light, just as they do when one is getting a new bang at a hair store.

"Dark brown," he said.

"Eyes?"

"Look up at the ceiling," he directed. I was commencing to get nervous, and wondered what they would ask me to do next. I looked up.

"Brown," he said, as though that settled it. (My eyes really are a beautiful hazel, and their color has frequently been raved over by such artists as MacDougal, MacCarthy, etc.)

"Nose?"

"Short; slightly turned up at the end."

I looked at him indignantly, but it was no use.

"Face?"

I held my breath. I expected him to say "ingrowing," but much to my surprise he said "Regular."

"Complexion?"

"Dark."

"Date of arrest?"

"January 14, 1896."

"Where arrested?"

"Broadway."

"Open your mouth," instructed the detective. I did so, and he called out in the most cold-blooded fashion:

"Irregular teeth on lower jaw. Scar on outside corner of right eye."

"I beg your pardon," said I—but they paid no attention to me.

"Pull up your sleeves," said the detective. I did so, and he looked searchingly up and down my arms and over my hands and wrists. There were two frockies on my left elbow, which I expected him to remark in a loud voice, but he said nothing about them, for which I was grateful.

Not long after that I was taken before all the detectives who were then at Headquarters. They stood in a line and looked me over from head to foot in a suspicious way. The object of this was to familiarize them with my face so that they should be able to identify me readily as a "crook" if they saw me acting suspiciously in a crowd on Broadway or Fifty-ninth street.

When this was over, there came a more



"I had several Rogues' Gallery photos taken."

(Sketches from life by a Journal staff artist.)

A Thorough Search Conducted by the Matron.

(Sketches from life by a Journal staff artist.)